

A Vagabond Dreamer

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"You are trespassing on my property!" came a voice from the moonlight.

Blair scrutinized the clump of bushes. He had supposed the white thing flitting about there to be a slim beam from the moon.

"But the gardeners never come down here and uncle is away, so it is all right." The voice was nearer to Blair than before.

He shaded his eyes and looked more closely. A low ripple of laughter accompanied his search.

"Here I am." She had parted the bushes and still Blair felt that a wedge of moonbeam had squeezed down through the trees. He stared at her with his hand shading his eyes.

"I can't see whether or not I like your eyes," she said half petulantly.

Blair obediently dropped his hand and turned toward the light that came from the small door of his caravan.

The dreamer's look was in his eyes and the dreamer's whimsical smile on his lips.

Molly looked at him with grave eyes for a moment. "What are you doing here?" she asked, edging nearer to him.

"Looking for fairies—like you," he said in the tone of one speaking to a child.

"I am eighteen." She resented his tone. "And then what do you do?"

"I weave them into fairy tales." "I suppose that you mean you are a writer and that your name is in all the big magazines?"

"About that," he smiled. "Couldn't I just have one peep into your caravan?" she asked. "It looks so cozy."

"It is cozy." He was amused at her quaint curiosity. "I will have to lift you up on the step."

"Isn't it darling?" She turned toward him. "I didn't know gypsies had such exquisite—"

"But I am not a gypsy," put in Blair, and in the darkness a strange bitterness crept into his eyes. "If I were I would shut that door with you inside and lash up my ponies!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" She clasped her hands joyously. "But poor uncle would never get over it."

"He has managed to survive other losses." Again that pained bitterness swept into the vagabond's eyes.

"You know he is not really my uncle." She had not noticed his remark.

"I have lived here only five years. I'm adopted and Uncle Gray is going to give me all his money," she confessed naively.

"So I understand," Blair said. "You have heard of me?" Molly's eyes opened wide.

"I have heard of the protégé of John Gray—yes. But I had not known she was so—grown up," he finished lamely.

"Well—beautiful then." He looked deep into her eyes.

She returned the look wonderingly. "Oh, oh—I feel such a funny little thrill inside—here!" She clasped both hands over her breast; and stood gazing at him.

Blair turned swiftly away from the innocent awakening in her eyes.

"Perhaps you had better come down from my caravan." His own voice was a trifle husky. "Or I will be tempted to become a gypsy and run off with you."

"But I don't want to come down. I feel happy—I want to sing—and dance—and—"

She broke off abruptly and that wondering look swept Blair's own.

Blair was silent for a moment.

He had watched her go.

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PARNELL MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN DUBLIN



THE recent unveiling of the Parnell memorial in Dublin was the occasion of the gathering together of a large number of sympathizers with the famous Irish leader and his movement. The monument is a triangular pyramid. At its base stands a statue of Parnell, which was the last work of the American sculptor, the late Augustus St. Gaudens. The memorial is a notable addition to the works of art possessed by Dublin.

TEST BIGGEST GUNS

Broadside Breaks Dishes and Wrecks Deck Boat.

Trial of 13½-inch Piece of New Super-dreadnought Orin Marks New Stage in Art of War—Most Powerful Warship Afloat.

Portsmouth.—The trial of the 13½-inch guns of the new super-dreadnought Orin marks a new stage in the art of war. They are the largest guns ever fired at sea. There was much interest in the question of how the ship would stand the shock.

The concussion when the ten big guns were fired at the same instant broke many small articles on the ship, but did no damage to the hull.

The Orin is now the most powerful warship afloat, but will not remain long with that distinction. The United States is building two ships of entirely similar construction, which are to carry 14-inch guns instead of 13½.

The test firing of the Orin took place off Owers lightship. All the ten big guns are, for the first time in a dreadnought, placed on the center line, to secure a full broadside fire, and even the inner guns have an angle of fire of 110 degrees.

Finally the quiet tones of the vagabond went out to answer that unasked question.

"My father and I have been long estranged—I am too happy to say more, except that I thank you for receiving my play so kindly."

During the thunder of applause that followed a slim little figure slipped quickly out of the theater and into the great limousine that crept up to the curb at her call.

Her heart was beating painfully in dull, miserable beats.

least affected were the gun's crew. They scarcely heard the explosion, and all they saw was the recoil of the gun through the six feet of space in the barbette, which happened like a lightning flash. The huge wire-wound steel tube, weighing 76 tons, returned to its firing position with equal velocity under the influence of great springs, whose work was controlled by pistons with ports working in oil cylinders.

Below deck all loose crockery and pieces of lighter furniture had been stowed away and they rattled ominously and dozens of plates, cups and saucers, etc., were smashed by the force of the concussion, which was even sufficient to burst open tins of syrup in the canteen. The hull itself withstood the shock well, and showed no signs of damage.

The thick glass of dozens of skylights and port holes was splintered, though the skylights were protected by armored plates fastened down tightly with butterfly screws.

The most amazing damage of all was that under the force of the concussion, chiefly from the central barbette, the bottom of a boat fell clean out.

The decks were practically undamaged. The area over which the flashes passed was specially thickened with armored steel to resist the tendency to buckle under the plunging shock of the discharge of hundreds of pounds of cordite, and the injury done was merely superficial.

The force of the concussion was so tremendous that the windows of the houses at Southsea, over 12 miles distant, were heavily shaken in their frames.

KNEE BREECHES ARE COMING

Parisian Sartorial Expert Advocates Ruffled Lace Shirts and Buckles —Also Silk Hose.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Knee breeches, silk hose and ruffled lace shirts are things that men are coming to in their wearing apparel within the next ten years, according to Louis Bourque, gentleman of leisure and sartorial expert of Paris, who arrived here the other day on a holiday jaunt around the world.

The men are wearing very narrow trousers. They are getting more narrow all the time and it will be but a few years before they will wear the same styles that were in vogue during the days of the last Louis of France or during Colonial times in the United States, he said.

"The boys' efforts compare very favorably with those of girls cooks." "Eighteen boys, whose ages range from 12 to 14, are being taught cookery. They have one lesson of two and a half hours each week."

"We teach all the boys in the school to swim in Marine lake, an open-air swimming bath, three times a week."

"The boys are taught to swim out for thirty yards into deep water, float on their backs and undress. Fifteen of the boys are sufficiently advanced to do that."

"How much more handsome is the man who can display a good figure in knee breeches than he who wears the present ordinary looking garments, which do not show at all the form as the Creator made it. How much better it would be to see a man dressed in a fine silk shirt pretty trimmed in old lace and silk hose and shoes with buckles would be much more pleasant than our loosely tied and slovenly appearing string shoes or buttoned shoes with half the buttons off."

HATS THAT BUTTON IN BACK

Ladies of Cedar Grove, N. J. Are Much Upset by Their Own Unanimity—Latest Fad.

Caldwell, N. J.—Hats which button in the back are the latest fad in women's headwear in Cedar Grove, near Caldwell. The style was introduced by George Henry Smith, better known as Farmer Smith, who ordered the town milliner, Miss Flitterby, of Love Lane, to build a hat in a special model of his own design for his wife. Miss Flitterby thought so much of the new model that she told other customers about it.

The result was that at least half of the women of Cedar Grove ordered Miss Flitterby to make them hats of the same general model but with various changes to suit individual tastes. Every woman who ordered a new head covering supposed she and Mrs. Smith would be the only ones to introduce the new style.

All Saints' church was crowded the other Sunday morning, and practically every woman who attended the service wore a new hat. The head coverings were of all shapes, colors and styles of trimming, but in one point they were strikingly similar. Each hat instead of being attached to the head by a combination of long laces, was held in place by three large buttons on the back.

Miss Flitterby did not go to church to review her creations collectively, which, under the circumstances, was probably the wisest thing for her to do.

Jack Rabbit is Hoodoo.

Dallas, Ore.—Fred Auer, a prominent farmer living near Rickard, Polk county, accidentally shot himself while driving some cattle from Rickard to Dallas. A jack rabbit ran across the road and Auer reached for his revolver in his hip pocket. The hammer caught on his chaps and one shell exploded, the bullet entering his side.

PRINCE SEEKS A PHONE GIRL

Solon of Famous French Family Crosses Ocean to Woo Young Californian Who Repulses Him.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Prince Eugene Arlemon Dubois, son of one of the most famous families of France, is coming to Los Angeles to press his suit for the hand of Miss Michelle Legrand, the pretty telephone operator at the Bayward hotel, whom he met while she was visiting her aunt in Paris. Despite his avowed determination to win her, Miss Legrand says the visit of the prince will avail him nothing, as she has no use for foreign noblemen, and is quite convinced that this one would not make her a good husband.

Miss Legrand is a niece of Miss Nattie Legrand of Paris, who is very wealthy. She met Prince Dubois while at her home and he showed her much attention while she was in Paris. Since her return he has bombarded her with cablegrams.

Elderly men fly kites and play ball, while the children look quietly on.

OLD DUCKING STOOL

One-Time Method of Punishing Scolding Wives.

A Few of These Relics of an Ancient Custom Are Still to Be Seen in Small English Villages.

London.—Nowadays when a man has a scolding wife in full action he lights his pipe and hies to his club. In the "good old days" he stayed at home, sent for the village beadle and consigned his wife, on legal warrant, to the ducking stool. A few of these chairs of punishment are still to be seen in out of the way corners of England. The wags are suggesting they should be used for violent suffragettes, thus saving the expense of board in Holloway jail.

One of them is shown at Fordwych, close to the Kentish cathedral town of Canterbury, to illustrate just how the old-time ternaigants had their ire cooled by their neighbors. It was attached by a rope and pulley to a beam fixed to a substantial post which was driven into the bank. The chair was thus suspended over the water and the rope and pulley enabled the operator to lower it to the water or raise it at will. When the woman of the region tongue had been adjudged guilty of persistent scolding or spiteful talebearing she was seized by the village beadle and his assistants, who placed her in the chair with her arms drawn downwards. Then they put a bar between her back and her elbows. Another bar held her upright, and to make quite sure she would not wriggle out of position she was also tied to the seat. The minions of the law then worked the ropes, ducking her in and out of the water till she promised to be good.

This way of punishing scolds commenced in the fifteenth century and lasted into the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is a ducking stool at Leominster that was used as recently as 1899, but public opinion after that put a stop to the rough and ready method of correcting feminine wasplishness.

This was not the worst thing that could happen to a wrongdoer in Ford-



The Ducking Stool.

wych. A "scold" was allowed, after her ducking, to go to a room in the town hall and dry herself. But from the time the mayor and his twelve jurats gained their powers, away back in the eleventh century, until the law took a more definitely organized form in England, they could order a criminal to be drowned in the River Stour, at a place called Thieves' Well. The prosecutor was required to hold the condemned man under the water till he was dead. It was many a long year before the drier method of the gallows was substituted.

DEATH WAS BOY'S PARTNER

Cleveland Youth, Dressed as Mourner, Attended Funerals and Robbed Right and Left.

Cleveland, O.—A unique and sordid series of burglaries, in the perpetration of which a boy of 21 years worked with death as his partner, came to an end with the arrest of Harry Nichols, famous in police circles as the "funeral burglar," who has been working here for two months.

In modest attire, always black, passing easily for a mourner or an undertaker's assistant, the youth plied his gruesome, ghoulish "trade" in homes where funerals were being held. Slipping into the bereaved homes while the last services over the dead tenant were being held, and mingling tears with those of the mourners, he attracted no attention, but at police headquarters he confessed.

He showed no sign of alarm when taken into custody and when confronted with the long list of crimes charged against him at police headquarters, he confessed without show of emotion. In his pocket when he was arrested the police found a valuable gold watch, the property of the late Michael Hannan. The watch had been stolen, with money and jewelry, from the Hannan home the day of Hannan's funeral.

Auto Beats Bull in Combat.

Paris, Texas.—A "fight" between a big bull and a red touring car here ended in the death of the bull, the wrecking of the automobile and the serious injury of its owner, Dr. E. C. Powell. The physician was driving rapidly to the deathbed of a patient when the bull charged the machine, meeting it head on. The impact killed the bull instantly, tore the hood off the car, broke its engine and hurled Dr. Powell into a ditch.

Woman Weds Couple.

Ashtabula, O.—A. H. Talcott, a cemetery sexton, and Addie Laverne Holcomb were the first couple to be married here by a woman. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Kelsey, a regularly ordained speaker and medium of the Spiritualists. The marriage took place in the Spiritualists temple.

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

ON THE U. S. S. SACRAMENTO

Some Interesting Happenings Related by Comrades of the Navy—Chase of Blockade Runner.

An article entitled "Starving the Confederacy," which tells of the blockade running at Wilmington, was recently published. This port received the runners from Nassau. I had seen their signal lights along the shore to guide the blockade runners. Our ship was the Sacramento, a new bark-rigged steamer of about 1,500 tons, built at Kittery (Me.) navy yard. Our first lieutenant was Benham, now Admiral Benham. We were stationed at West Bar. The writer of that article speaks of the running ashore of the blockade runner Kate on the eastern end of Smith's Island. I remember that well, writes W. G. Pert, quartermaster on the U. S. S. Sacramento, now living in Sedgwick, Me., in the National Tribune.

It is of the chase of the blockade runner Grafie (Capt. Wilkinson) that I particularly want to write. Wilkinson says that a sloop-of-war chased him all day, and tells of the ruse by which he got away. The Sacramento went into Beaufort some time in April, 1863, to coal up, which would take us some four or five days. I remember the morning we came out, a beautiful morning with a light breeze from the north. About 10 o'clock a. m. we made out black smoke off to the southeast and at once went after it. In an hour's run lookout aloft made her out to be a large steamer. The captain ordered all sail set, and soon we saw that she had discovered us and was standing directly away. Evidently she did not want our company.

In the meantime the wind had increased and heavy clouds were coming from the north. By four o'clock the wind was blowing heavily, with frequent rain squalls, and we had to shorten sail. Still we were steady in gaining on her, and just before I shut down thick dark we were near enough to have reached her with the rifled gun on our forecastle, but it was so rough that we could not cast the gun loose. We were now getting off into the current of the gulf stream, which, with a north or northwest wind, kicks up an ugly sea, and we were compelled to see that prize slip away into the darkness.

We heard afterwards that it was the Grafie. Had it been clear weather we could have taken her sure. After standing along awhile we took in sail and brought the ship up to the wind, steaming ahead just enough to keep steerage way on her; but, taking all sails off her, there was nothing to steady her, and she rocked fearfully. Soon after 10 o'clock, as she took a deep roll to starboard, a sea broke into the first cutter that was hanging at her cranes at the starboard foremast, and took it away with a man that was standing in it on lookout. Instantly the cry of "Man overboard" was heard. The engine was reversed to stop headway. The officer on the deck ordered "Pipe away the life boat."

The shrill whistle of the boatswain and his mates and the hoarse order: "Away there! You life boats away!" the officer and eight men, composing the life boat's crew, took their places in the boat and prepared to lower away. The boat used was the captain's gig, which hung at the starboard



Crushed as Though She Had Been an Egg Shell.

quarter, waiting a favorable opportunity when the boat should swing outward, and when it did they quickly lowered away. It seemed like going into the jaws of death. Almost as soon as she struck the water she was smashed against the ship and crushed as though she had been an egg shell.

In a moment her brave crew were struggling for life in the foaming sea, with most of the chances against them. Some caught hold of the crane tackles and ropes were quickly cast to them from the deck. I was at my station by the wheel, and, following the impulse of the moment, ran aft, and, jumping into the hammock netting, caught up a coil of rope. Looking down, I saw a black head in white foam, and threw the rope quickly hauled the man on board. The sea had swept him away from others. Probably in another moment he would have been crushed the stern of the ship or swept altogether. As it was too late to save the man who was swept the boat, the captain ordered all hands to muster and the roll was called.

All answered but the lookouts belonged somewhere near the bow, but I have forgotten his name. It was almost a miracle that the boat's crew were saved. The head was swung around to the west. A little sail was put on the sea was along comfortably

MISTOOK BEAR FOR FUR COAT

Member of the Association of Automobile Manufacturers Tells Story About Motor Wearing Apparel.

"The cold weather is coming on, and we shall soon see some very remarkable cold-weather motorizing suits."

The speaker, Coker F. Clarkson of the Association of Automobile Manufacturers, sat in his New York office. He resumed:

"I'll be glad when cold-weather motorizing clothes are made more sightly. They give us such a shaggy look now, don't they? Did you ever hear about the performing bear?"

"Well, a country hotel, a good deal frequented by motorists, took in a showman and his performing bear, and one morning the bear escaped from the stable."

"Everybody fled before the animal. The hotel man, however, pursued it courageously. It entered the hotel, mounted the stairway, pushed open a bedroom door, and vanished."

"Then the hotel man, close behind,

heard from the bedroom an angry exclamation in a feminine voice, and the words:

"George, dear, how often have I forbidden you to come into my room without knocking—and in your automobile coat, too!"

The Delight in Adornment.

Both Miriam and Molly belonged to the new age, and were in rags against the trend of recognized order. Miriam knew it and Molly suspected it. Nevertheless, they took a savage delight in personal adornment. From their feet to the necks women are fairly civilized, and still progress, though with awful setbacks; but on their heads savagery still sits triumphantly. Through maternity and the primitive nature they keep secure hold on last into the light of day Miriam sighed, like a cannibal reformer by force, who hears of a feast he hankers for in his heart—Morley Roberts in "Thorpe's Way."

TEACHING BOYS HOW TO COOK

London Lads Meant for Sea Also Taught How to Swim—Compare Very Favorably With Girls.

London.—To undress in deep water swim back to land grappling clothes in the teeth and boots in the hands; this is a compulsory subject for boys attending the Essex county school at Tollesbury.

Pupils have also to learn jam-making and plain cooking.

The object of this strange curriculum is that Tollesbury is a yacht center, and nearly all the boys are destined to spend their lives aboard yachts.

"It is to fit them for sea life," said Mr. J. H. Jackson, the headmaster of Tollesbury school, "that the boys are taught these things."

"Those who are taught cooking are those who will earn their living upon the water, either as yacht cooks or stewards. They learn to fry bacon, cook steaks, potatoes, puddings, cakes, bake bread and make jam."

"The boys' efforts compare very favorably with those of girls cooks." "Eighteen boys, whose ages range from 12 to 14, are being taught cookery. They have one lesson of two and a half hours each week."

"We teach all the boys in the school to swim in Marine lake, an open-air swimming bath, three times a week."

"The boys are taught to swim out for thirty yards into deep water, float on their backs and undress. Fifteen of the boys are sufficiently advanced to do that."

"Then we teach the pupils also to dive and swim for long distances under water."

"Out of 130 boys, sixty—all over 8 years old—can swim. Their first lessons in swimming movements are given in school, lying across the desks. Thus when a boy gets down into the water all he has to learn is not to be afraid."

"Every boy in the school of over 8 is also taught the rudiments of navigation."